

Newsletter June 2006

Most of us are energy conscious, one would agree, most of us have switched to "energy saving" light bulbs. Not that I ever noticed a difference in the bill, mind you, nevertheless I was doing my part in reference to the energy thing. A terrible noise along with a horrendous smell got my attention. On further examination I determined the bulb had exploded. First impulse was to call the Fire Department, it smelled like wires were on fire, but I realized this was unnecessary since the smell was the gas which had escaped it's location, mainly the high-tech light bulb. Needless to say I went to Home Depot to get regular bulbs, in order to avoid another disturbing episode. All bulbs had been replaced except the last one and with that my troubles really began.

The bulb was stuck in the casing, upon removal the light fixture casing was damaged. Another trip to Home Depot to buy a new light. The first technician soon lost patience with the task, the electrician got frustrated to the amount of \$140, called it quits and the third electrician was unable to decipher the work of the 2 previous handy men. The light works, except it is not attached to a switch, only when the bulb gives up it's life, is it lights out.

I am NOT a technically inclined person, so I am rather proud of my simple accomplishments to have mastered E-mail and surprisingly the ancient studio equipment with which I produce most of my shows. An up to date DVD recorder with a computer mind of it's own was added recently. I have learned to push the proper buttons in order to finish elementary tasks. What I had NOT counted on was our unusual weather patterns which have presented us with Thunderstorms and power outages. Each time this happens everything shuts down and is up to me to work magic and fix it being a one man army. I stroke it, talk to it, bribe it with multi colored disks in order to put it in a happy mood.

Spending 9-11 hours a day glued to the equipment became the reason that I missed the fact the refrigerator was sick and actually died. I talked to it for a while thinking I could revive it, only to realize all of the food was dead as well, to the point of decomposition.

A letter came from my medical insurance stating I was TERMINATED from prescription coverage. I went into denial and turned on the TV. The show playing was "Just shoot me."

I KNOW it is a comedy, except the title send me into deep thought. It took me to the words we use. Terminate. Eliminate. Exterminate. I got out Websters and took a look.

TERMINATED: abolish, cease, complete, conclude, end, expire, finish and stop.

ELIMINATED: abolish, banish, cancel, delete, erase, expunge, pluck, oust and remove.

EXTERMINATE: abolish, annihilate, banish, destroy, expel, overthrow, uproot and kill.

I thought about what I has read and tried to arrange what I had learned in my mind in order to be able to sort it all out. On my way to pick up my grandson from church I suddenly had a vision of a dead little baby bird I found laying on the ground, it had been thrown out of the nest. Looked more like a frog than a bird, not haven had a chance to fully develop. As I saw that bird in my mind I started to cry. Sat on the side of the road for quiet a while. Think the impact of those words had taken their toll.

When we "terminate" working mothers and men trying to feed their families from their job, their insurance or anything else for that matter It feels like one has been "exterminated" and "eliminated." I see no difference in the terminology. It sounds so final, even deadly. Assassination and elimination is the same. So let's imagine for a moment the emotional blow to human beings when confronted with what seems no choice in a final outcome. Phrases we use are so harsh and hurtful, leaving no room for courtesy or compassion.

People have developed, in some cases imaginary, phobias/allergies about everything they do not wish to deal with. The constant possibility of loosing a job, a necessity for every day living creates such stress, to the point a dead baby bird can act as a trigger and send one over the edge. We are so divided in culture, education, attitude and needs that we often forget we are people of the planet Earth and have if nothing else, feelings and emotions in common. Unlike the refrigerator, video equipment and even something as simple as a light bulb we can try to

repair, bribe, trick or insult trying to beat it into submission, the human psyche is fragile and can have devastating consequences when bruised.

The doctors office uses a beeper which sounds like a UFO at a toy shop. Reason given so the Nurse won't have to come to the door to fetch the patient.

We are save, for the moment, because the Bunkerbuster test will not take place as planned.

The dust from the implosion of the cooling tower from a plant by I-5 in Vancouver, WA has almost settled, we are only coughing occasionally.

A sign at an old historical building in Centralia, WA displayed a sign thanking some of us for trying to supply some tax money for the state to prevent schools from closing. It reads: Thank you for smoking.

Bleeding Hearts are so confused they are not blooming at all.

With the exception of one, all of my supporters had to withdraw their help do to economical circumstances. I am not one to give up or quit so I entertained the idea of selling some tapes at a SwapMeet. Driving 30 miles gave me time to reflect on my situation, things in general and my next move, if in fact there was a next move.

I entered a large Hall/Store area contemplating what friends had said about no-one driving anywhere because of the gas prices. A man in a wheelchair approached asking how I was and what I wanted. I mentioned I wanted to sell tapes, promote the show and do psychic readings to recover my cost. You need to talk to Bob he informed me. I inquired as to the whereabouts of Bob and was told by the man that, if I was truly psychic, I should know where Bob is. Not today..... I am stressed to the Max..... I practice what I preached. I left.

After the 6.8 earthquake of 2001 someone inquired why I was having such bad luck and things happen to me. Just as I answered then I can answer now.

Things happen to people all of the time. We have different levels of dealing with unexpected occurrences. Everywhere we look people have a hard time dealing with life. Many, in fact almost every man-made problem known to men is being thrown at us.

Several blocks from my house a young husband and father lost it. He shot his woman and held his children hostage for 14 hours. Needless to say he was killed by police. What could have been his light bulb?

I believe that with everything we experience there is a lesson. I am in a position to experience some in order to pass it on to the next person. Sometimes in hind- site we rectify things in a way which helps many. Often I hear from people which remember something I said and as a result of it make different or better choices. To date I am able to tell many about the idiocies of happenings so we don't not have to become that rubber band, ready to snap. A therapist told me once it takes 8 seconds to get enraged and 8 seconds to bring it back to a somewhat normal range level. Try to do anything in an 8 second timeframe. It takes skills and practice. Most of us are too busy and stressed to even attempt such an exercise. We wait till the refrigerator stinks before we realize there even is a problem.

Why me? Why not me? Bad luck? You decide!

What we NEED is a Psychic Comedian to announce the news 2 days in advance, so we can get in a humorous frame of mind before we are bombarded with so-called facts. This would help to reduce our stress level and allow us to take things in stride, having more time to prepare. It may even prepare us for, yet another, termination.

Love and Light
Lilian